

# Daily Eagle

M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, MAY 21, 1884

## BEN BUTLER.

It looks a little as if the Democratic party would be compelled to swallow cock-eyed Butler, spoons and all. He has a dead sure thing on the nomination of at least three so-called National conventions, and he will simply compel his old enemy to swallow him or he will swallow them.

## THE SAME OLD PARTY.

The Democratic party want the presidency so that they can reform things. The Democracy is great on "reform." They have been straining themselves on revenue "reform" of late, and the strain has proved too much for their old rotten breeching. Twenty years ago they tried to carry a "reform" with muskets, and if they had succeeded there would have been no United States to elect a president in.

## ROTTEN WALL STREET.

The throb or tremor which came near financially convulsing this country last week is only a premonition of what is coming—a symptom of a rotten spot somewhere in the body politic, which, if not medically treated, will make the whole country sick some of these fine days, and that soon. That rotten spot is Wall street, New York, and it is the duty of Congress to cauterize it.

## THE METHODIST PREACHERS.

The General Conference now in session at Philadelphia decided that precedent is more desirable than innovation in the matter of women in the pulpit. It is no doubt somewhat old foggy to say so, but we agree with that convention of divines. No priesthood is so holy, no station so exalted as the natural one pertaining to maternity and motherhood, and a woman who is unfitted or debarrd from the latter has no business in the former.

Mexico sets a good example to Missouri. On the 15th of last November a gang of forty masked men tore up a section of track on the Mexican Central railroad, and threw a train from the track, killing the fireman. The passengers were not molested, but the sum of \$8,000 in silver was taken, the approach of a train from the opposite direction frightening the robbers away before they had time to secure \$20,000 contained in the express safe. Last Monday seventeen of the gang were, by process of law, shot to death. Several others have been captured, and as soon as convicted will join the seventeen. Swift execution of law is what deters criminals.

The Presbyterian Assembly at Saratoga has referred the disturbing question of Sunday papers to a committee. The committee would do well to study the question on its merits. Mere prejudicial counts for absolutely nothing in the discussion of such a question. As there are Sunday papers without number, the committee are to consider whether it is better for the high-grade Sunday papers, exerting a good influence, to give up the field to low-grade papers, exerting a bad influence. This is a practical view of the matter.

The Washington correspondent of the *Inter-Ocean* says: The other day a tall, soldierly looking man, with a leg, stood leaning on a post of the

## THRILLING STORY OF A KANSAS BOY.

The following story first appeared in the *New York Post*. It is a true story. In 1863 when the editor of the *Wichita Eagle* established the *Osage County Chronicle*, at Burlingame, Howard Schuyler, the hero of the following sketch, was then a young man about twenty-one years of age. He had just been commissioned as a recruiting lieutenant. His father, Judge P. C. Schuyler, was the founder of Burlingame. Howard, having little to do, assisted us in getting out the first two or three issues of the paper. As a nineteen year old boy he had attracted notice in the battle of Wilson's creek, and was one of the first among the boys to reach General Lyon when he fell. After the war he became a chain bearer, and then a surveyor on the K. P. Railroad. Afterwards in connection with General Anderson, he inaugurated the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, and in fact helped to build, he acting as treasurer of the organization. Before they commenced operations Howard went to Wales and made a report on the narrow gauges of that country. On his return he came down to Wichita, spending two days with the editor of this paper, at which time he narrated the exploit pictured in the following account. His father was one of the original proprietors of the old town of Wichita. Howard after acting as general manager and president of a California railroad, for several years past, took the consumption, and died in Switzerland some five weeks since where he had gone for his health.

In the month of June, 1869, when the grass and flowers on the plains of Kansas and Colorado were nearly knee high, the result of unusually abundant rains, which left deep pools of water in all the little arroyos, a corps of Kansas Pacific engineers, under the leadership of Howard Schuyler, were engaged in making certain preliminary surveys in the vicinity of the terminal town of Phil Sheridan, near the border line of the two states. They had been out on a trip of several months in the direction of Denver, and had returned to the end of the track to begin the definite location, which we afterwards carried through to Denver. At this time I had been with the party some two or three months, taking my novitiate in engineering, and was occupying the position of rodman. Prior to commencing the location, we were running some rapid trial lines north of Sheridan, and by the 19th of June were fifteen or twenty miles out in a rolling country, where the heads of the Smoky Hill and Republican Forks of the Kansas river interlock. On the evening before our camp had been brought up to the end of our work, and we started out bright and early on this memorable Saturday morning, so that by 10 o'clock we were several miles away from camp. In all our work we had been accompanied by an escort of fifteen infantry soldiers under the charge of a lieutenant, acting in the capacity of a camp guard who, while they were very useful in guarding our base of supplies, were of no protection to us in the field. Our party numbered thirteen all told, two of whom remained in camp as cook and teamster. The working party was therefore reduced to eleven, including Howard, whose duty it was to ride several miles ahead, looking out the line and indicating it by building sod mounds two or three feet high with a shovel. We followed from one mound to the next, measuring angles and distances and levelling the ground. Our progress was as rapid almost as a man would walk at a moderate pace, and we were exceedingly vulnerable to attack, as we were all separated, strung out over a distance of a mile or more, while Howard was away out of sight and several miles ahead.

Looking about, Howard saw the remainder of the band following at a prudent distance, for by this time they began to look upon him as a god, invulnerable to all their weapons. When, at last, the poor horse fell prostrate, and apparently dead, they all flocked up to make a final disposition of their troublesome enemy. But Howard, undaunted, lay quietly down behind the body of his horse, and when they came within shot range, took deliberate aim and fired, killing another man. This unlooked-for disaster completely demoralized them, and they fled in all directions. Within three minutes not an Indian was in sight. He turned his attention to his horse, loosened the girth to take off the saddle, and was surprised when the animal drew a deep breath and struggled to his feet. He then led him slowly to where the rest of the party had made a stand about their wagon, and as he approached from one direction I came limping from the other, with a bullet in my right leg. The Indians had paid their gentle attentions to the rest of us during the time Howard was having his fight, but fortunately not in force, and we succeeded in getting together at the wagon, without the loss of a man, I being the only one wounded in the whole engagement. As soon as Howard joined us we started on the retreat for camp, the Indians harrasing us the whole way. They would form in single file or all at once, charge as they pleased, and then retreat.

them and got clear alone on open ground ahead of them, where they were not in danger of killing each other in shooting at him, they fired a volley of bullets and arrows at him. None of them hit him, and up to this moment he was entirely unharmed. Had his horse been equally fortunate this would doubtless have ended the fight, as the horse was a fine, high-spirited animal, superior to any of the Indian ponies. But the first shot received at the beginning of hostilities had cut a small artery, and from this the blood was pumping out a steady stream that, together with his violent exertions, was fast sapping his strength. The Indians, seeing this, were encouraged to continue in pursuit, and their leader, mounted on an American stage horse (stolen the day before at a stage station a few miles back, which they had burned, murdering all the inmates,) succeeded so well in keeping pace with him that Howard could almost feel the breath from the nostrils of his pursuer's horse. Thus they rode, nose to tail, for a mile or two, the Indian occupying the time in shooting at Howard. Three pistols, six-shooters, he emptied, and bullets flew around poor Howard on every side. Four more entered the poor horse, already so badly wounded, a bullet pierced Howard's clothes at his side, another cut the strap of his field-glass, which was lost, another cut off his spur, bruising the heel slightly, but not drawing blood; a fourth pierced the wooden breech of his rifle as he carried it in his hand—almost striking it from his grasp; others struck the saddle, and in short they seemed to strike everywhere but where they were aimed. All this time Howard was endeavouring to reach over his shoulder and get a shot at the Indian, but at every such movement the savage slipped under the belly of his horse, and was out of sight, except a hand on the mane and heel on the back. Finally all ammunition exhausted, the Indian resorted to his spear, and with the wooden handle gave Howard one or two severe raps on the head, trying to knock him out of the saddle—without avail, but at last Howard's horse, that had been trotting shakily, from loss of blood, fell on his knees, and the Indian rushed up to end the contest. At that instant the horse struggled to his feet again, and Howard saw that his opportunity had come, his foe was at his side, and he quickly thrust his rifle against the Indian's body and fired, blowing a hole through that seemed as large as one's arm. The Indian shrieked, leaped out of his saddle, and fell to the ground on his face, dead.

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## TRANSPORTATION TO CHICAGO.

TOPEKA, KAS., May 15, 1884. The undersigned committee, appointed by the delegates and alternates to the National Republican Convention to make arrangements for railroad transportation and hotel accommodations at Chicago, have secured rooms for the delegation at the Palmer House, which will be the headquarters for the delegation.

We have also arranged transportation by the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific railroad, from Kansas City to Chicago, for one and one-third full rates for the round trip. Tickets will be good from Saturday, May 31st, until the close of the Convention. It will cost for the round trip \$19.35. Sleeping car double-berths cost in addition \$3 each way. Sleeping car berths will be reserved for eighteen delegates with eighteen alternates. The train will leave Kansas City Saturday evening, May 31st, at 6:40, and arrive at Chicago the next afternoon at 2:30. A dining car will accompany the train.

If any delegate or alternate is prevented from going, the committee will be obliged for early information of the fact, so that the reservation of sleeping car berths can be cancelled. Signed, GEO. R. PECK, J. S. MERRITT, J. R. HOLLOWELL, Committee.

We presume that other persons can go on the same terms.

The Grand Lodge of the Knights of Pythias of Kansas, meets to-day at Wichita, and a large number of gentlemen from this city will be in attendance. Several went down yesterday noon, but a majority on the early morning train. A grand street parade will be given, and in addition a brass band contest has been arranged, the chief prize to be \$100. The K. T. band of Emporia will participate. —Commonwealth.

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